

The Sneedville News

30 ad
70 Making

VOL. 1.

SNEEDVILLE, HANCOCK COUNTY, TENN.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22, 1922

1922

NO. 57.

FARM AND MILL FOR SALE.

The W. G. Seal old home place located 6 miles East of Sneedville, 1-2 mi. church and school, on public road and Rural Route. Good out-buildings with new barn. Plenty of fruit. This farm is good grazing and farming land.

If interested call or write, J. W. Leamon Leg Valley, Tenn. 4w 8-4-22

JOHN LIVESAY, ATTORNEY
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL JUSTICES COURT AND THE COUNTY COURT SNEEDVILLE, TENNESSEE

\$1. GETS THE NEWS 52 TIMES.

Dr. E. J. McDANIEL
DENTIST
TAZEWELL, TENN.

Office in Claiborne County Bank Bldg

J. N. WILLIS
Attorney At-Law
Practice in Justice and County Court.
Sneedville Tenn. Route 3.

WILLIAMS AND DARNELL
ATTORNEYS
Practice in All The Courts Of The State And The Federal Court.
Collections A Specialty
OFFICE
OVER CITIZEN'S BANK

MULBERRY GAP.

The singing school which has been in progress at this place closed Sunday.

Wedding bells are ringing here, married on last Sunday, Sherman Parson and Glosie Carrol, and Champ Denam and Cornie Goins, J. A. Louthen J. P. officiated.

Mrs. H. S. Bryant who has been real sick is improving at present.

Miss Nola Leedy visited Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Ramsey Sunday.

We are glad to hear of the splendid work that Mr. Herman H. Louthen is doing in the Hancock county High school.

Next Saturday and Sunday is Rev. Clinton Greene's regular meeting time at this place.

The school at Mulberry Gap will open Monday, Sept. 18.

Mr. Tyler C. Parkey attended singing here Sunday.

Mr. Claud Parkey called on his best girl Sunday.

Mr. Frank Hopkins of Lincoln Memorial University is spending a few days with home-folks.

Mr. Glin Drinnon entered school at Lincoln Memorial University, Monday.

DADDY'S PET.

About the only difference in some men and the monkey is; the monkey has the most sense.

PROGRAM

FOR SALE - A 50 acre farm, including 5-room house and first-class farm equipment; two miles from Morristown. Nearly all level and watered by ponds. Good barn. Further information see Cope Bros. Grocery Co. old phone 678, new phone 90. W. B. Cope

AUCTION SALE

At Vardy, Tenn., Saturday Sept. 23.

29 head of cattle, 4 mules, 1 mare, 1 hack, 1 corn drill, and Hay in Barn. Terms: Cash or, 12 months time with approved notes.

Robt. Bales, Admr. N. T. Collins estate.

IT'S FUNNY HOW THEY DO

Gosh it's awful funny, how these "dry disciples" do— Those folks who chase John Barleycorn, and capture "mountain dew." They'll drink the stuff for forty years— absorb it like a clout, And then beg for a raiders job, and try to wipe it out.

They'll raid their granny's camphor flask if its whereabouts they know And swear by Stonewall Jackson's god. To Federal court she'll go. They'll search the cars along the road, where all their kinfolks know, Themselves were hauling loads of booze, just one short year ago

When dogs are free from pesky fleas and buzzards dine on hay, And skunks endorse the Turkish bath, and preachers want less pay; We'll give the Volstead act a boost, and ask no question why The booze road, sloppy dogs are sought to make the country dry.

SNOOKUM ON CONGRESS.

No wonder the poor man thinks the world is going to the dogs, when one half of the apparent honesty of the people in this world is so rotten and offensive. It is a wonder the Almighty does not bump the whole shebang against Jupiter and leave a hole in space.

We have calf lots full of men in every community who are honest just because it is the policy for them to be so, only a fool will risk the penitentiary to gain wealth, it is the smart rascal who plays the devil with everything. It is the man who will turn red in the face while tearing a yard of calico and swear he is selling it to you for less than it cost him, and the man that will sell you a five gallon a day Jersey cow that won't give a pint of milk a day, the man who will hire a poor man to work for him and swear by the eternal that he can not afford to pay him more than 50 or 75 cents a day for his work, and sell him corn at \$1.50 cents a bushel that will dance with the devil like a hen on a red hot stove, it's the sanctified old cuss that will go to church and get in the amen corner and shed crocodile tears bigger than walnuts, and go home and turn a poor little ragged child from his door without food and scorn him like old Diva did when he leaned back in his arm chair full of walnuts and wine, dressed in purple robes and refused to give poor Lazarus the crumbs that fell from his table that will be longing for a tub of ice water to poke his tail in when he throws up the sponge and goes on down yonder.

And when our politicians go to Congress and build waves of prosperity out of wind, preachers beat the Bible, preach prosperity and never open their mouths against the deplorable conditions

that are stealing the life out of the nursing babies, mouths of little babes, giving them of the necessities of life for their sustenance for fear of disgruntling a man of wealth, some influence and power in the community, it just naturally the poor man feel like a shirt tail full of bombs, and a mules hind-leg thrashing the everlastingly sausage out of Congress of setting around and a handkerchief full of bombs over the deplorable condition which is settling over Egypt's night upon the land.

I would rather be a poor man without influence, world and honor the way which our forefathers by died, reverence the rights wrested from King George the battle field of York than be a thousand paid blubbering politicians in Congress quibbling over a peace conference, the bonus, ship subsidy, and other things, when to be giving his time and things that will benefit people and bring relief to humanity.

It's no wonder the poor man has lost confidence in the government, when the wolfe of want is daily approaching nearer his door, and him powerless to check him, when those in high places are pressing his nose to the grindstone harder and harder as the days go by.

If the cold-hearted Congress of such crooked men keep pinching the peoples nose to the grindstone, keeps on pinching the people between the mill stones the poor man must soon perish from the face of the earth. Sometimes I think if was the Almighty with one fell sweep I would depopulate the old earth and leave it more lonely than the last of the Mohicans. Surely if George Washington and Thomas Jefferson could look back on the government they planted a century and a half ago and see the deplorable state in which it has fallen they would turn over in their graves.

Most of the evils of our government could be remedied by the ballot, if we would vote our sentiment, instead of voting our prejudices, the evil in most instances would vanish, but instead of voting our sentiment, we continue to vote our prejudices and send men to our Congress who have no other motive in view than to stand in high places and let the people be damned. The poor man ought to have a living wage for his work, he is human, the farmer, merchant and other dealers ought to have value received for his wares, and this all could be done by necessary legislation.

Snookum.

Are You a Woman?
Take Cardui
The Woman's Tonic
FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

CHIP" JIM WANTED

THE BUFFALO BILL

White was his name, but the whole western frontier he known as "Buffalo Chip" Jim, and when Cody became an scout, White also took up that profession. For years he was Buffalo Bill's faithful follower—half scout, half-partner. He copied Buffalo Bill's dress, his speech and the way he walked. He let his hair grow long in imitation of Cody. He was always at the famous scout's side, and took more care of Buffalo Bill's guns and horses than he did of his own.

Two stories of how he got his name are told. One is this: General Sheridan had arrived at Fort Wallace, Kan., and was seeking Buffalo Bill to guide him on a buffalo hunt. White appeared and told the general that Cody was away.

"But when Mr. Cody is away, I'm Buffalo Bill," declared White.

"The h—l you are!" said "Little Phil" with contempt. "Buffalo chips, you mean!" And the general stamped away angrily.

According to the other version of White's christening, one night at Fort Laramie he claimed the right to be known by some other name than simple Jim White, something descriptive of his close friendship for Buffalo Bill. "All right," said Major Morton of the Ninth Infantry. "We'll call you 'Buffalo Chips!'"

White was with the Fifth cavalry when it attacked Chief American Horse's camp at Slim Buttes, S. D., in the autumn of 1876. After the defeat of the Indians, the soldiers began hunting down little parties of Sioux hidden in the gulches and ravines near the edge of a cliff. He had raised himself to his feet and was ready to fire at a warrior down in the ravine when a shot rang out.

White was in the air, clutched his rifle and with the cry of "Oh, my God, boys, they've got me!" he plunged forward down the slope, shot through the heart.

"A simpler-minded, gentler frontiersman never lived. He was modest and courteous itself, and he had three unusual traits for men of his class—he never drank; I never heard him swear, and no man ever heard him lie," writes Gen. Charles King, who knew him well and who saw him die that cold September morning of Slim Buttes.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

The Parent Teacher Association met Monday evening of this week, and discussed a number of problems of the school. Certain committees were appointed for improvement of the organization and for the general improvement of the school. We feel that these committees will be very active and accomplish much for the community. We know that we have a number of patrons who are extremely interested in school work, this is an inspiration to the teachers. We hope to see you attend the meetings every two weeks, you are cordially invited to attend each meeting.

We feel that the school work is going nicely. The examinations of last week has shown us that the students have accomplished quite a lot the first month, we expect more and better work each month to come. With the experience of the previous months the students will be able to accomplish more. The school roll is increasing from time to time. Any new students are cordially invited to join us at any time. We welcome you into our midst, and will serve you in any way possible. Our doors are open any time to visit us.

Senator L. C. Jarvis of Sneedville is visiting his daughter and Mrs. J. A. Testerman at Moorsholm this week.

PROHIBITION MAKING CRIMINALS

POLICE HEAD SAYS

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 14.—Prohibition and the income tax laws are doing more to make criminals than any other single cause, Victor Miller, police commissioner declared at a church meeting last night. Mr. Miller caused a sensation recently by declaring that immoral clubs existed at a public high school.

The flagrant violations of the dry law and efforts of persons to evade the income tax laws, can't but create in the minds of the young and ignorant a disrespect for the law and that is the beginning of a criminal," he declared.

Mr. Miller said the only way prohibition could be enforced was to punish the buyer as well as the seller of whiskey.

TWO OFFICERS GIVEN HEARING.

ONE AT KINGSPORT GIVEN HEARING ANOTHER ACQUITTED.

According to a report published in the Knoxville Sentinel dated Sept. 14, after an all day trial Tuesday before Magistrate Haws assisted by Magistrate E. B. Harris, Officer W. W. Leedy was bound over to court in \$2,000 bond and officer B. H. Hampton was acquitted.

The officers were charged by the state with chasing two youths whom they suspected of transporting whiskey to the city in a truck, on the night of Aug. 29, and firing a number of shots at them. No whiskey was found in the truck when it was stopped.

MIDWAY.

The Midway school is progressing nicely, we have a large attendance of girls and boys who are doing good work, we would be glad to receive a number of other students, and hope others will visit our school and see how they like it.

We have an interesting basket ball ground started, we know of no other in the county, but would be glad the other high schools get games started so we could have some team to play with in our own county.

We have an interesting literary society which meets Friday evening of each week, the people of the community take a great hand in this.

We will be glad to have you visit our school at any time.

THE TEACHERS



The home garden is profitable, for one reason, because it saves the cost of vegetables that otherwise would be bought. It is a healthful exercise. It furnishes excellent outdoor exercise. It provides vegetables that are fresher, more palatable and better than any to be had in the market.

The home-garden vegetables are always available, to be had without inconvenience. Therefore, they are likely to be used more freely than if a trip to market or even a telephone call were necessary.

But there is still another particular in which the home garden confers a great benefit. The boy or girl who is given a part in cultivating a home garden, who is charged with some of the responsibilities and put to solve some of the problems of cultivation, acquires in the process a spirit of self-reliance, a knack of making the means at hand serve the end desired, that will be valuable throughout the rest of that boy's life in any kind of service that may be required. Thus the home garden is a training school in personal efficiency.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

In accordance with the terms of Chapter 38, of the Acts of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, approved March 21, 1921 the creditors and those having claims against the estate of Noah T. Collins, deceased, lately a resident of Hancock County, Tennessee, are hereby notified that on the 4th, day of September 1922 I was appointed Administrator of the estate of the said Noah T. Collins deceased by the County Court of Hancock County. All persons having claims of any character against the estate of the said Noah T. Collins deceased, whether due or not are hereby notified to file them with the Clerk of the County court of Hancock County in accordance with the term of said Act.

And all persons owing said estate will please come forward and make settlement of your indebtedness.

This 4th, day of Sept. 1922.

Robt. Bales, Administrator.

NOTICE—On Sunday after the second Saturday in October Brother grant Allen's funeral will be preached at Union Church in Hancock County by Revs. Grant Lawson and Wiley Cook.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

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SCOUT CALLED "TAM-E-YUKH-TAH" (CUT-OFF LEG).

Amos Chapman was a scout for Gen. Nelson A. Miles in the war with the southern plains tribes in 1874. One day, with Billy Dixon ("Hasta"—Long Hair) and four soldiers he was carrying dispatches from Miles' camp on McClelland creek in Texas to Camp Supply, Indian Territory, when they were surrounded by a war party of 125 Comanches and Kiowas.

At the first fire from the Indians Private Smith fell from his horse. His companions, believing him dead, dismounted, abandoned their horses, and ran to a buffalo wallow, a depression in the ground about 100 yards away. The two scouts worked swiftly with their knives deepening the wallow while the three soldiers kept up a hot fire against the savages, who were riding at full speed in a fast-narrowing circle around them.

Suddenly Chapman noticed Private Smith trying to rise. "Boys, keep these infernal Redskins off me and I'll run back and get Smith," he said to his companions. He laid down his rifle, sprang from the wallow, and under a hail of Indian bullets ran to where Smith lay. Throwing himself beside the wounded man, the scout pulled Smith on his back and rose. As he staggered back towards the wallow, 15 Indians rode for him at full speed.

Dixon and his comrades opened up with a fierce fire to protect Chapman in his dash for safety. When he was only 20 yards from the wallow an Indian rode almost on top of him and fired. The scout fell, but since he did not feel any pain, he believed he had only stepped into a hole.

"Amos, you are badly hurt!" exclaimed Dixon as Chapman dropped beside him.

"No, I am not," declared the scout. "Look at your leg," replied "Hasta," and when Chapman looked he saw that one leg was shot off just above the ankle. He had been walking on the bone and dragging the foot behind him, but in the excitement of the moment he did not know it. His friends amputated the foot, bound up the wounds, rebelt out against the assaults of the Indians until they were rescued by a company of soldiers. Their brave defense won special mention in General Miles' dispatches, and Chapman was given a medal of honor for his heroic act. Ever since that fight the Indians have called him "Tam-e-yukh-tah" or "The Man with the Cut-Off Leg."